

BY THE



They Say.

Some people are fools.
Good friends are hard to find.
The politician South, has lost his leadership.
There are some great men in the world.
Senator Hanna is the winning man.
There will be a shaking up of the dry bones.
The democratic party is preparing for the fight.
Col. Bryan will give them trouble.
President Roosevelt has a good opinion of the Wizzard.
Some men like others because they can be used.
The world is full of sin.
The southern politicians will have to take a back seat.

When you think you are doing the best you are doing nothing.
Your pretended friends will stab you in the back.

Is there to be no unity among colored attorneys?

Don't pass your friends and pretend that you don't see them.

You may need them some day when you are in trouble.

The man who knows a friend will keep him.

Don't be carried away by new faces.

The truest friend is the one when you need him.

Speak the truth always and then you will have no cause to fear.

The man who comes to you with a tale is a deceiver.

The truth is easy to tell when you are honest.

Speak well of your friends.

This is a world in which good men should act.

Dr. J. H. M. Waring, and Dr. Bruce Evans would make good superintendents of the schools.

The Board of Education could do something for the people.

Who will be the next presidential nominee.

Prof. Booker T. Washington ought to give the country a rest.

Let us live in peace.

Who leads the negro?

Washington the Wizzard of the South.

Has the negro a leader.

Why certainly.

Is the race in need of a leader?

If you are right don't fail to act.

Friendship is a jewel and you should never lose it.

Think of those who are your friends.

The colored commission is dead.

The bill is a dead letter.

There are lots of puddle dogs in this city.

If you have never seen a fice dog listen when he barks at THE BEE.

Only small dogs bark at THE BEE.

They are harmless.

They must bark at big things to let other dogs know that they are alive.

Keen Observation.

"Do you know anything about the people who have moved next door?" she inquired.

"Not much," he answered, "except that their honeymoon is not yet over."

"How did you find that out?"

"By observing. It was raining when he came home this evening, but she did not make him stop at the front door to wipe his feet."—Washington Star.

What He Would Need.

"My friend," exclaimed the eloquent minister, "were the average man to turn and look himself squarely in the eyes and ask himself what he really needed most, what would be the first reply suggested to his mind?"

"A rubber neck!" shouted the precocious urchin in the rear of the room.

—Tit-Bits.

BUILDS HIS OWN COFFIN.

Octogenarian Says He Wants to Be Sure That He Will Rest in a Comfortable Box.

Richard B. Light, of Dunkirk, N. Y., who will be 88 years old next July, has for several months been planning and building his coffin, not, however, on account of any presentiment of approaching death, but merely because he has taken a fancy to have it exactly as he wished, and to have it made by his own hands.

The coffin is an oblong box made of white pine of a very fine quality. The sides are 1 1/4 inches thick. The bottom board is of another kind of pine, not being easily penetrated by water. A false bottom of matched pine boards is placed inside so as to leave a space of 1 1/2 inches between it and the real bottom. The sides are lined with thin pine boards a quarter of an inch thick in a manner that leaves the inside opening for the body



"ISN'T THAT ALL RIGHT?"

shaped like the old-fashioned diamond form of coffin.

At the head is a wooden frame which will support a sling of strong cloth for a head rest. This sling and a little black cloth to cover the wood part of the head rest will be the only pieces of cloth used, as the owner and builder of this structure, destined to be his last house, does not intend to have any draping of silk or satin, or any other sort of cloth inside or outside of it. The inside is painted a soft shade of drab. The outside is stained to appear like black walnut. The cover is a single thick board, and will have no opening in it for glass or any other purpose. There are six handles of bronze.

To show what an exact fit he had secured, Mr. Light mounted a chair which stood beside the coffin the other day, stepped into it with the agility of a boy, and lay down in the position in which he expects to lie in his last sleep. Looking up smilingly, he asked: "Isn't that all right?" Then he added: "You see, I cannot be easily shaken out of place in this."

Mr. Light, who has lived in Dunkirk since 1853, was born in England. He was once armorer on the British warship Cornwallis. He has invented many useful tools for which he has secured patents.

MONKEY WITH A GUN.

Entertains Crowd on the Street and Incidentally Puts Out Eye of Ohio Inventor.

F. S. Leider, of Columbus, well known in Ohio as an inventor, complained to the police the other morning that the sight of one of his eyes was destroyed by a monkey. The accident was a most remarkable one.

Tuesday evening Mr. Leider was



FIRING THE FATAL SHOT.

standing in the edge of a crowd which surrounded an Italian organ grinder, who had a performing monkey which was amusing the crowd. The monkey danced and gave an exhibition of sword drilling. The performance concluded by the monkey firing a gun, which was loaded with a light wad.

When the gun was fired the wad struck Mr. Leider in the eye. The injury caused great pain, and Mr. Leider states that his physician has informed him that the sight was destroyed. He wants the Italian located and the monkey suppressed.

Here's an Honest Lawyer.

There is one honest lawyer in St. Louis. He recently announced to a client who had been injured in a railroad accident that the company had agreed to give the injured man \$5,000 in settlement of the case. "How much of it do I get?" asked the client. "All of it," replied the lawyer, "and you can pay me just what you like. I spent only about five minutes in talking the matter over with the officers." The client was so overcome with emotion that he almost dropped dead from heart disease.

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GENESIS OF A FORTUNE.

The Happy Chance Through Which a Poor New York Clerk Became a Multi-Millionaire.

One western millionaire came into the possession of his wealth through his own abilities, beyond a doubt, but it is also true that his opportunities were excellent. And they came to him in an unusual way.

It happened, says the New York Sun, that the wife of a very rich man had for many years gone to a certain shop in New York for her gowns, and had always been waited upon by the same woman. One morning she went to the store to order a gown. After the business of getting the new dress had been transacted, the saleswoman said to her:

"This will be the last time that I shall have the pleasure of waiting on you, Mrs. X—, for I am going to be married."

When the customer expressed an interest in her plans, the woman told her



"I'M GOING TO BE MARRIED."

that she and the man to whom she had been engaged for several years had decided that they might as well get married as wait, especially as she had managed by prudence to save a little money. Said the customer:

"You bring your betrothed to my house to-night to see me. I would like to meet him and have my husband know him, too."

A time was set and that night the saleswoman and her betrothed visited the wealthy patron. The latter introduced them to her husband, who talked with the man and was favorably impressed with him. He learned that the man was able to make only a small income at his business.

Before the man left the house, a date for a subsequent visit had been set. The man, of course, came back, and the result was a place for him in one of the millionaire's mills near a western city.

That was his beginning. To-day he counts his millions on more fingers than his two hands possess. And his fortune came through his meeting with the millionaire and his good luck in making a favorable impression on him as well as on his ability to take advantage of the opportunities that came to him.

PHEASANT FIGHTS WELL.

Golden Fowl's Victories Result in Imprisonment of Bird and Then of Farmer Parker.

Game Protector Barger, of Lockport, N. Y., has notified Henry Parker, a farmer, to appear before Police Justice Bradley on a charge of having a golden pheasant in his possession.

Parker says that during the terrible snow storms of February the pheasant



FOLLOWED THE ROOSTER.

came to his barnyard and shared the fowl's meals and shelter. When the warm days came the wild bird continued its visits. It fought every rooster on the farm and invariably was the victor. It then tackled the gobbles and defeated them. The domestic fowls were demoralized by the intrusion of the Mongolian.

One day it followed the rooster into the coop, and one of the Parkers shut up in confinement 13 days, when Protector Barger discovered the technical infraction of the law which protects golden pheasants until 1905. The Niagara County Anglers' club has been stocking the county with birds and they have been multiplying.

Flagman Had a Surprise.

A negro flagman named George Lee was sent to flag a train some miles south of Jackson, Miss. He sat down to wait for the train, with his feet on the rails, and fell asleep. When he awoke he was much surprised to find that both of his feet had been cut off.

PULL DID NOT WORK.

A Tammany Man's Experience with Mr. Lewis Nixon.

New Head of New York's Great Political Organization Has a Record That Is Not Pleading to the Ward Bosses.

Mr. Lewis Nixon, the new leader of Tammany hall, represents the most pronounced departure from the traditions of that organization. Heretofore the Tammany leader has always been a man whose sole occupation was politics. From Tweed to Croker the boss depended for a living on the organization and the power that he wielded. Tweed made millions upon millions by robbing the city. John Kelly, who wrested the power from Tweed, though undoubtedly an honest man so far as the direct taking of money was concerned, went into the organization poor and died worth a quarter of a million. Richard Croker is reputed to be a millionaire several times over. Since he went actively into politics he has never been engaged in any pursuit that yielded an income except for short periods when he served as fire commissioner and city chamberlain.

Now comes a man whose record is such as to make it certain that instead of making money out of politics he will lose it. Mr. Nixon has coined his time into money at a rate that must seem fabulous to most men. Though very young, he has through his own exertions built up one of the most extensive shipbuilding enterprises in the country. At his yard at Elizabethport there is work under way of the value of \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000. In addition he has gone extensively into the business of building automobiles. Outside of these pursuits he is also actively engaged as director in a number of other important enterprises.

He had the reputation, even before assuming the active leadership of Tammany hall, of being the busiest man in the metropolis. Every minute of every day was laid out carefully



HON. LEWIS NIXON

(Executive Head of New York's Tammany Hall Democracy.)

in advance, and he transacted his business on an exact time schedule. He moved about from place to place and from office to office with as much precision as a railroad train. By consulting his secretary it was possible always to strike him at any point at any time no matter in how wide a circle he moved. He generally began work at eight o'clock in the morning and kept steadily at it until seven in the evening, when he went home to dine.

Out of a day as compactly filled as this Mr. Nixon now devotes at least three hours in each 24 to the affairs of Tammany hall. At nine o'clock in the morning or at three in the afternoon he is to be found at his desk in the wigwam where, since his advent as chief, the affairs of Tammany are once more transacted instead of at the Democratic club in upper Fifth avenue, which was the Tammany headquarters under the Croker regime.

Probably no other topic is proving of such extraordinary interest to the citizens of New York as the question of what Mr. Nixon will be able to accomplish in Tammany hall. He is opposed to everything for which the ruling powers in the wigwam have for many years stood. He is a man of high honor, and any one who should offer him a bribe, no matter how disguised, would probably not revive for several hours, for Mr. Nixon stands over six feet in his stockings and hits straight from the shoulder. The Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post says that an interesting incident occurred while Mr. Nixon was at the head of the East River bridge commission, the body that had charge of planning and building the new bridge between New York and the eastern district of Brooklyn. A henchman of one of the most prominent men in Tammany hall had got into an ugly scrape. To help him out it was necessary to secure the influence of a man who stood high in the community. The Tammany politician concluded that Mr. Nixon would do, and he sought him out at the office of the bridge commission. He stated his mission in a manner which took it for granted that his wish would be complied with. Mr. Nixon heard him to the end and then turned on him fiercely.

"You have," thundered the late young shipbuilder, thumping his desk until the ink-well jumped, "the most infernal impudence to come to me with such a request! This fellow is a blackguard and a scoundrel, and I hope he will get everything that is coming to him under the law!"

When the Tammany man had sufficiently recovered his breath he murmured an apology and slunk away.